love you?" That was a very long time ago, wasn't it ? Everything passes, beauty, wit, sentiment, even the sun, all but one thing that is endless: the good I wish you, your happiness. I cannot be more loving even if you laugh at me for my pains. Good-bye, dear friend. I had the English cruisers attacked yesterday; everything passed off well.

20th. The weather is very unsettled; there is much rain. The combined fleets left Ferrol with 34 sail of the line.

At this moment a division of the flotilla is working around Cape Grisnez in action with the English.

On the 2d Nelson was still off Cape St. Vincent; he was apparently short of provisions.

22d. I believe that Villeneuve hasn't enough in him to command a frigate. He has no decision and no moral courage. Two Spanish ships have been in collision, a few men are sick on his own ships, add to that two days **of** unfavourable winds, an enemy's ship reconnoitring, a report that Nelson has joined Calder: and his plans are changed, when, taking these facts one by one, they amount to nothing. He has not the experience of war, nor the instinct for it.

(To Villeneuve.) I hope you have reached Brest. Start; lose not a minute, and, with my combined fleets, sail up the Channel. England is ours. We are all ready, everything is embarked. Appear here for twenty-four hours, and all is over.

23d. I perceive the urgency of coming to a decision. In reality there is no point in demanding an explanation of Austria. My mind is made up.